

Talmage Sermon

By Rev.
Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 20.—In this sermon the preacher deals with a universal problem—that of social companionship—and shows the perils of evil associations and how to avoid them. The text is Proverbs xlii, 20. "A companion of fools shall be destroyed."

It is good for man ever and anon to go off alone, as Christ often went alone, into a desert place to pray, but I notice that these periods of solitude in Christ's life followed or preceded times of large association and social activity. Jesus went into seclusion either to recover from an unbecoming strain or to prepare for an approaching demand on his energies. He never sought solitude for its own sake. He loved to have his disciples around him and evidently gained help and comfort from their presence. In that supreme crisis in the night preceding his death he longed to have them near him and was hurt when they went to sleep. "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" he asked them in pathetic reproach.

God never meant man to live a hermit's existence. Man is naturally a gregarious animal. It was meant that he should associate with men. As God said at the creation, "It is not good that man should be alone." He needs companions, associates, friends. He needs them for the development of his own character, and he needs them that he may aid in the development of theirs. The psychologist looks with suspicion on the nature that avoids society and perpetually craves solitude. Such a man, he says, is abnormal; he is morose; he is liable to become demented. Even piety does not thrive in seclusion. The old monks thought it did, but their experience proved the contrary. The youth brought up carefully, apart from boys of his own age, is saved from contamination, but his innocence is not virtue, and it does not become virtue until it has been tested in society.

Association, then, is a necessity, but it should not be indiscriminate association. A man is not only known by the company he keeps, but he is liable to become like the company he keeps. It is not possible to avoid contact with evil, but to seek out evil and voluntarily associate with it is suicidal. It is not a capricious punishment that Solomon pronounces in my text, but a philosophic conclusion, when he says, "A companion of fools shall be destroyed." This danger, then, is serious, and I want this morning to point out to you four kinds of character that come under the designation of fools—characters to be avoided because they bring destruction on their companions.

The Atheistic Fool.
In the first place, there is the atheistic fool, whom David describes (Psalm xiv, 1), in some respects the most dangerous of companions. "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.' Then, as though not satisfied with once hurling his condemnation against the atheist, the inspired writer repeats the same words in the Fifty-third Psalm. By this repetition he seems to say, 'I cannot warn young people too much against association with those who are denying the existence of God.' But, though the Bible so vehemently and emphatically denounces the atheist, yet how little some of us heed the warning against associating with the atheist, who hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.' We are willing to obey God's command, which says, 'Thou shalt not associate with murderers or with thieves or drunkards.' We are willing to say 'Amen' to the divine command, 'Thou shalt not be unclean in morals.' But we are not willing to discontinue our fellowship with those whose whole lives are spent denying God and that Christ who is our only hope for this world and for the next.

Now, I do not believe it is possible to love God aright and at the same time go with those who do not love and honor him. No; we cannot do this any more than we can love our wives and mothers and yet associate with those who despise pure women and are continually speaking evil about them. If I should come into your home and begin to talk against your dead mother and by letters and newspapers try to prove to you that she was a bad woman you would not let me go very far. You would turn upon me with all the indignation in your nature and would bid me desist or quit my company. You would say, 'You are no longer my friend. I lived with my mother too many years not to know that what you say is false. Furthermore, no man can stay in my home who would utter such language as you have done. I could not continue to love and reverence my mother if I believed the charges you have made, and I will not associate with one who despises her as you do. Therefore you must forever part.' But, though you would speak like that in your defense of a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, a wife or a child, yet, strange to say, some of us continue to associate with those on earth who openly and brutally deny the goodness and the very existence of that God whom we love and worship. Now, my friends, you are at the fork of two divergent roads. Either you must bring your atheistic friends to the foot of the cross and lead them to bow and worship at the manger or else, for Christ's sake, you must refuse any longer to be yoked with unbelievers.

A second character against whom the Bible warns us is the slanderer. Solomon says (Proverbs x, 18), "He that uttereth a slander is a fool." What does that mean? Why, simply this: If you hear an evil report about your neighbor, you have investigated it, and you go on repeating the evil report when it is unsubstantiated by one scintilla of proof, and you run around spreading that report from house to house, you are in God's sight a fool. Now, all such scandal mongers who I should shun or else with their viper-

ous tongues they will destroy our spiritual lives, even as an adder's fang with one puncture can inject its poison and still the throbbings of our pulses and stop the steady action of our beating hearts. And yet, alas, how much of the conversation of our associates is devoted to trying to analyze the supposed imperfections of our neighbors! And when our friends begin to talk slanderously about our neighbors how easy it is for us to join forces with them and become a slanderer among slanderers!

We are ready to grant that the first part of the verse of my text, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise," is true. We know that the influence of good men lifts us up and helps us to be good. Why should we not be willing to admit that the evil conversation of slanderers and of bad men will drag us down? Can we grant the first fact and deny the second? There is a story told by a noted speaker that one day a father was walking through the country with his two boys. The wind was blowing over a fine field of corn and making the silken, golden ears bend like the waves of the sea. "Is it not surprising," said one of the children, "that the wind does not break the slender stalks?" "My son," answered the father, "that would be true if one of those stalks was to stand alone. But you must remember that each of those slender stalks stands in the midst of many other stalks, and they all help to support each other. So with our companions in life. They make us what we are. They help us to bear up against the strong winds of adversity and temptation. Therefore, my boy, you must be careful that you have good friends by your side who will help you to bear the struggle of life bravely." That is good advice. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise." But as I stand upon the hillside and watch a great field of wheat bending and swaying under the pushing, driving winds I see that here and there is a stalk bending before the blast and after giving way itself, bearing another stalk down. Therefore if we go with slanderers they will destroy us as surely as wise men will lift us up and make us wise.

Crimes as Classified.

Now, in God's sight this sin of slander is an awful sin. As I take up the penal code of our state or national government I find the different crimes classified in the order of their heinousness. For instance, if I steal a loaf of bread I could not be hanged for the crime. If I should go down the street tonight and get drunk, I could not be sent to the penitentiary for life. In all probability I should be sent out on the chain gang to expiate my misdemeanor by working on the roads for twenty or thirty or sixty days. But if you should shoot a man or poison your companion or derail a railroad train for plunder or if, as an incendiary, you should burn up a hotel, then you could be hanged by the neck until you are dead or you could be sent to the penitentiary to serve out all the days God has given you to live upon earth. Crimes in the criminal code of the United States are classified in reference to their culpability, as they are also classified in the divine code. Now, where do we find this crime of slander in God's code? Is it a petty misdemeanor? Is it a little sin that God will in time overlook? Nay. Among the worst of all spiritual criminals in God's sight is the slanderer. David tells us in his Hundred and First Psalm the awful doom which is to be meted out to the slanderer. "Villous privily slandereth his neighbor; him will I cut off." Beware, O man, how you allow your friends to slander their neighbors in your presence! Beware how you poison your own life by recounting the evil reports of your friends! "The companion of fools shall be destroyed." The slanderer is a fool.

But we are not to find the companions whom we are to shun entirely among the atheists and the scandal mongers. We are not to find them only in the quiet corners, where friend talks to friend, but we can also find these evil companions at the banquet table, and in the ballroom, and at the card parties, and in the billiard halls, and at the baseball games, and on the fishing and boating trips, and at the race tracks. We can find them in every place where pleasure seekers congregate. We can find them at the theater and in the concert hall as well as by the family fireside. "The heart of fools is in the house of mirth." What does that mean? Why, it means, interpreted in the broad sense, that the man and the woman who give their whole lives up to a never ending round of perpetual pleasure seeking are fools. Life has another object than that of fun. A great ocean steamer was not built for the purpose of taking a few fishermen down the bay on a sunny day to catch a few flounders. Its keel was laid that it might carry heavy cargoes to distant harbors. It is not built to defy the storms and to withstand the poundings of the heavy billows and not to turn its decks into a ballroom floor, where the moving feet of the young people can keep step to the strains of music.

Work and Pleasure.

I make no war upon recreation or pleasure trips or vacation outings when they come in their proper places. Paul says, "For when we were with you, this we commanded you—that if any would not work neither should he eat." But no man ever learned to work aright unless he learned how to play aright. The best pleasure seekers have often been the best workers. There is an old Persian legend which says that one day a friend put into the hand of the philosopher Saadi a beautiful piece of scented clay. Saadi said: "I took it into my hand and said, 'Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy perfume?' The clay answered, 'I was once a despicable piece of clay, but I was some time in the company of the rose, and the sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me; otherwise I should be a piece of clay, as I appear to be.'" Like the clay we are. When we live a little while among the wild roses, when we seek for a little while our joy in the gardens of pleasure, then go back to our work, with the sweet scent upon us, and we can do our work better and swifter than we have ever done it before. I say, again, the man never lived who can work to the best advantage if he does not know how to play well.

It makes a great deal of difference whether we eat to live or live to eat. It makes a great difference whether we play to quicken the mind and rest the body for the daily task of life which God has given us to do or whether we prostitute the workings of our minds and hearts in mere pleasure seeking. We have no patience with the epitaph which the dying wag wrote and which is today found chiseled upon his tombstone in one of our eastern cemeteries:

Life is a joke, and all things show it; I thought so once, and now I know it. Life is no joke. Life is not a playground. Life is a great campaign which God commands us to work out. And whenever you find men and women living for mere pleasure you find men and women whom God classes among fools. O man, what are your associates trying to accomplish with their opportunities? Are they winning you away from the great purposes for which you were born? Are they saying to you, "Come, come, eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die?" For if they are they are companions who are already dead to the higher principles of life. Furthermore, they are companions who are leading you to your own temporal and eternal destruction. "A companion of fools shall be destroyed." In God's sight the perpetual pleasure seeker is a fool.

Another Kind of Fool.

But, turning from the mere fun lover, we enter into the busy, crowded marts of trade. There, among the hardworking merchants and in the offices of some of our greatest authors, scientists and statesmen, we may find another kind of fool, against which King Solomon warns us in the words of my text. The man who lives merely for what he can accomplish in this world is a fool. The "some" shall those withering terminology of four letters, "fool," which is applied to the one is also applied to the other.

Here we have the characterization from the lips of the Lord himself. Turn to the parable which Christ spoke to his disciples in Luke xli, 16-20. There in his wonderful word painting Christ takes us to the home of a great eastern landowner. This wealthy man takes us out upon the veranda of his house and begins to point out the advantages of his property. His land not only seems to be endless, but he has quality of soil as well as quantity. Then he seems to say to us: "I started a poor boy, but by close application to work I made all this property by my own labors. I have no thought or hope beyond the money I am amassing. Now, the great question before me is, What shall I do? My incoming crops are larger than my granaries can hold." Then in Christ's own words we have the story: "And he said: 'This will I do. I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul: Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years. Take thine ease; eat, drink and be merry. But God said unto him: 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee. Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?' Friend, are such men, of whom this rich man of the parable is the symbol, to be counted among your best friends? Brother, when Christ spoke this parable of the fool who was giving up all his life to amass a little silver and gold was he alluding to you? Are you in God's sight the covetous fool, surrendering eternity in order to lift your head a little higher in the world?"

A Strange Sermon.

Oh, how quickly shall come the eternal doom which awaits the covetous fool of Christ's parable who has wasted his opportunities in order to bow before the shrine of Midas for a day! I was never more impressed with this fact than when, some years ago, one bleak November day I was sitting upon the banks of the Hudson river and I had the strangest of preachers talk to me. I know not whether I was asleep or awake, but this is the sermon that came to me at that time: While I was sitting there, suddenly a cold sharp blast of wind slapped me in the face and then leaped up and struck an overhanging bough until the bough creaked and groaned with pain. Then, seeing the uselessness of trying to break the backbone of the old forest monarch, the wind ruthlessly disrobed the tree of its glories, scattering the leaves far and wide, and seemed to sport and laugh as it tossed one to my feet. And as I sat there, watching the poor little leaf bleeding and dying, with its arteries slit by the sharp teeth of the blast, it told me this tragic story: "I was born of a bud. At my nativity the gentle spring breezes nurtured me. The sunbeams soothed me and coaxed me into smiles. The birds warbled and told me their secrets. The summer breezes rocked me to sleep. The towering sun kissed away my dewy tears. Life was such a continual happiness that I thrived with gladness and tried to awaken the weary traveler as he hid from the noontide sun under my shadow. But then I commenced to grow old. Something told me I had to die, and though I nestled closer to the branch and tried to shake off the cold, yet on every hand the lifeblood flowed. Every morning when I awoke I saw hundreds of leaves drop, covered with the white shroud of frost, and now as I lie there, incriminated with my life's blood, you admire my beauty and my colorings, but I am dying. My sun has set. It is eventide and time for me to sleep the last great sleep. And you, too, O man, must die! Younger men will jostle you. You must some day become a back number. Your heirs may now be getting ready to squabble over your will." It is appointed unto men once to die, but after that the judgment. Does the dying leaf preach that message to you today?

Lives of the Leaves.

Our lives are like the lives of the leaves. Some of us have just budded into boyhood and girlhood. It is springtime. Endless life seems to be stretching out before our eyes. The edge of the horizon where our graves shall be dug seems to recede as we advance. Oh, how happy is May! Sorrow has not yet stabbed at the heart and persecution has not yet snapped at the heels. The hardest work the boy



This woman says that sick women should not fail to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she did.

Mrs. A. Gregory, of 2855 Lawrence St., Denver, Col., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was practically an invalid for six years, on account of female troubles. I underwent an operation by the doctor's advice, but in a few months I was worse than before. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it restored me to perfect health, such as I have not enjoyed in many years. Any woman suffering as I did with backache, bearing-down pains, and periodic pains, should not fail to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

or girl has to do is to get up in time for breakfast. Some of us have left the old homestead and set out house-keeping for ourselves. It is summer. We have all the windmills and vexations of life. From a selfish standpoint it does not pay. But God never meant you to live for yourself alone, so one morning you awake to find a babe sleeping in the cradle at your side. Now you sit at one end of the table and your wife sits at the other end of the table, while between you is growing up a family of whom any man might be proud. We may have our days of rain as well as of sunshine, but every rainstorm during the strength of strong manhood has a bright rainbow to arch it, and every hard day's work has its sweet home coming after the heat of the day. Oh, how happy is summer!

Some of us are near our journey's end. Your joints have stiffened with the long journey. Now all you can do is to hobble and stumble along, panting and puffing, all out of breath. It is autumn. Once you romped and leaped from the haymow and ran to take your father's hand, your curls flying in the wind and with red roses a-blooming in your cheeks. Now you feel tired and nervous. Though you may make an effort to deceive your friends, you are not deceiving yourselves. No, the almanac does not lie. It is autumn. Soon a procession will be started and you will be carried at the head of it. The bell will toll when the hearse enters the cemetery. The stillness of the little company in your family plot will be broken by the solemn words, "Asbes to ashes, dust to dust." Soon the little company will scatter, leaving their dead. Night will fall upon the scene. When morning breaks, your new-made grave will be heaped up by a mound of snow. It is winter. And you, too, O man, must die, and after that the judgment. Does the leaf preach to you today? Sooner or later the time of the closing of your earthly life must come. Then will Christ speak unto you as he spoke upon the sick man of the parable: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee. Then whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?"

Will you not today as a wise man walk with wise men? Will you not walk with Paul and Peter and John and Mary and bow at the foot of the cross? Will you not walk with the Christian father and mother and brothers and sisters and husbands and wives and children who, with Christ's help, are using the hillocks of their graves as stepping stones to their eternal thrones? Will you be, like Enoch, a truly wise man who walked with God and who never died because of that divine companionship? Will you not cease to be a companion of fools and thus ultimately enter everlasting life?

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UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT GETS \$10,000-BEQUEST.

New York, Jan. 24.—The University of Vermont is left \$10,000 by the will of the late John Ordronaux, died for probate at Minerva, Long Island, today.

HYPNOTIZED BY ACCIDENT.

Victim of Amateur Experimenters Ran Wild in Bristol, Tenn.

Bristol, Tenn., Jan. 24.—Hypnotized by accident, Charles Estey ran wild on the streets of Bristol yesterday, imagining himself in various attitudes and at times fighting like a madman. Rushing down a flight of stone steps at full speed, with eyes closed, his head came in collision with a telephone pole, injuring him painfully.

It was an hour before the spell was removed and then the assistance of Professor Gavanti, who has been giving a series of hypnotic entertainments here, was necessary.

Estey was hypnotized by Yancy Wilson, Wilson declares he did not know he possessed hypnotic powers and that he was only pretending when Estey became hypnotized.

THE DIVINATION.

Cholly-I wonder why they call it leap year? Wally—Because it gives the dead girls a chance to jump at us.—Baltimore American.

OUR KALEIDOSCOPE.

THE NAGGER.

When ma was downtown yesterday she lost her pocketbook. It made her awful sad and you could see it by her look. They was three dollars and some stamps; he made me nearly sick. To think of things the meat of bought if she had only known.

When pa come home and found it out you ought of heard him kick. He talked about how hard he worked and said ma made him sick. "I don't pick money up," he roared; "I tell for every cent!" And then he said a whole lot more that showed his discontent.

He got his old hat out and yelled: "There! take a look at that!" To save three dollars—which you've lost—I'm wearin' last year's hat! I never saw such carelessness; I save day after day. And save and pinch, and then you go and throw the cash away!"

Ma wiped a tear away and said: "It's terrible to know."

I never lost three dollars in a deal in copper-rough."

Pa kind of sunk down in his chair as a rag. And said: "Yes, there you go again! Now nag, confound it, nag!" —Chicago Record-Herald.

HOOT, MON!

Scott—They say bagpipes are a great help on a battlefield. They prompt men to fight.

Dickson—I don't doubt it. Some of those I have heard on the street have often made me feel like fighting.—London Times.

PERMANENT.

Bride of some months—My temper, you say, is trying? He—At times? "Would not you have worn out by this time if you cared to be released from—"

"Oh, no, not at all; not a minute. I don't feel so even when I'm cross. I'm no ninety-day volunteer. I enlisted for the war"—Life.

TAKE WARNING.

Opportunity knocked loudly at the bank door. But the man was busy discoursing on panics, their habits and habits.

So opportunity grinned and ambled along.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ALL KINDS OF TIME.

Telephone girls—Central time. New Yorkers—Eastern time. T. R.—Mountain time. Louisville—Fasstime. Sailors—Maritime. Early risers—Bedtime. Everysbody—Dinnertime. Antiquarians—Any old time.—Helen (Mont.) Independent.

WHEW!

"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Patience Gonne, when Mr. Stuchlik had been boring with silly commentaries, "that reminds me of the best thing going."

"What's that?" he asked, unsuspectingly. "A man who has stayed too long."—Philadelphia Press.

FINISHING TOUCH.

He—It has been said that a woman can make a fool of any man. Do you believe it? She—Of course not. The best she can do is to develop him.—Chicago News.

LOST OUT.

"What has become of that man who used to say the earth was flat and the sun moved?"

"Oh, he's gotten discouraged long ago," answered Miss Caywood, "his views were neither sufficiently original nor practical to induce anybody to endow a college for his benefit."—Washington Star.

THE GREAT ASSOUAN DAM IN EGYPT.

The 20th century adaptation of the ancient principles of irrigation, surpassing the skill displayed in the filling in of the hollows and the creation of lakes by the Egyptian engineers of the 13th dynasty. Is best exemplified in the Assouan dam, which may be said to have drawn on the constructive experience of the world and particularly of the new world, the West contributing to the East through the engineer corps of the United States army, whose plans for lock gates for the Nubian canal were utilized. The building of the dam at Assouan was determined by an international commission of eminent experts, which included British, French and Italian engineers. Now that plans for raising the dam are being carried out it is essential to know something of the mechanical and technical features of the construction in order to have a full comprehension of the influence which it exerts on civilization by increasing crop areas and the productivity of lands already cropped.

Assouan is at the head of the first cataract, 55 miles above Cairo, and the Nile at this point is 50 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, having a fall of five inches per mile from Assouan to Cairo and of one inch per mile from Cairo to the Mediterranean. It was here that the Nile gauge could be depended on to show with the greatest accuracy whether famine threatened, sufficiency would satisfy, or plenty would rejoice the land. The dam, which is also a waterway, as originally constructed was a granite structure, the granite being from the quarries which thousands of years ago furnished the stones for the pyramids. It is one and one-quarter miles in length across the head of the cataract in a continuous straight line. As completed in 1902, the highest point was 130 feet. The width at the top was 22 feet and at the bottom 100 feet. The height of the water when the reservoir is full is 50 feet and the capacity is 1,000,000,000 cu. ft.—Charles M. Pepper in the January Scribner.

WOMAN'S SUBTLE INFLUENCE.

(From the Rutland News.)

The Brattleboro Women's club has posted notices about the village calling attention to the anti-spitting laws of the State. When a man wants to spit in Brattleboro he looks cautiously around to see if there are any women in sight. Some of the confirmed tobacco eaters are calling for compulsion on the streets. The Montpelier Argus pokes its nose into a matter that is none of its business and declares that it dead agin' spittin', but that it would have been around to see if there are any women in sight, by all the village officials. Evidently there is no woman's club in Montpelier. If there was, the Argus wouldn't dare to make such a remark.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

(From the St. Albans Messenger.)

It is not so probable that there was any politics in that luncheon of Dr. John A. Mead's in Rutland, as that the doctor thought there might be.

ESTATE OF LEGRAND BOUTON.

CANNON, BURLINGTON.

STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden, ss.

The Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, ss.

To all persons interested in the estate of Legrand Bouton, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased: GREETING.

Whereas, said Court has assigned the first day of February, 1908, as the day of the settlement of the account of the executor of the estate of Legrand Bouton, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased, and also the settlement of the trustee's account of the trust estate created under the decedent's will for the benefit of his children, E. Bouton, now deceased, and for a second day of said estate to the lawful claimants of the same, and ordered that public notice be given thereof to all persons interested in said estate by publishing this order three weeks successively, previous to the day of settlement, in the Burlington Weekly Free Press, a newspaper published in said district;

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear at the Probate Court rooms in Burlington, Vermont, on the day assigned, then and there to contest the allowance of said account if you see cause, and to file your claims, if you are creditors and lawful claimants, and to aid in the settlement of said estate.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1908.

MARCELLUS A. BINGHAM, Judge.

ESTATE OF MARY NOYES VILAS OF BURLINGTON.

We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Mary Noyes Vilas, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto, and six months from the day of the date hereof being allowed by said court for that purpose, we do therefore hereby give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the office of E. Bouton, in the Court House, in Burlington, in said district, on the last day of February, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., on said day.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1908.

EDWARD M. HAYNES, Commissioner.

ESTATE OF JANE McLAUGHLIN OF BURLINGTON.

We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Jane McLaughlin, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto, and six months from the day of the date hereof being allowed by said court for that purpose, we do therefore hereby give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the office of E. Bouton, in the Court House, in Burlington, in said district, on the last day of February, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., on said day.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1908.

EDWARD M. HAYNES, Commissioner.

ESTATE OF DANIEL J. WALTON, HINESBURGH.

STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden, ss.

The Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, ss.

To all persons interested in the estate of Daniel J. Walton, late of Hinesburgh, in said district, deceased: GREETING.

Whereas, said Court has assigned the 5th day of February, next, for the settlement of the account of the administrator of the estate of Daniel J. Walton, late of Hinesburgh, in said district, deceased, and for a second day of said estate to the lawful claimants of the same, and ordered that public notice be given thereof to all persons interested in said estate by publishing this order three weeks successively, previous to the day of settlement, in the Burlington Weekly Free Press, a newspaper published in said district;

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear at the Probate Court rooms in Burlington, Vermont, on the day assigned, then and there to contest the allowance of said account if you see cause, and to file your claims, if you are creditors and lawful claimants, and to aid in the settlement of said estate.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1908.

M. NELLIE FLYNN, Register.

ESTATE OF PANNY RYAN OF BURLINGTON.

We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Panny Ryan, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto, and six months from the day of the date hereof being allowed by said court for that purpose, we do therefore hereby give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the office of E. Bouton, in the Court House, in Burlington, in said district, on the last day of February, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., on said day.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1908.

EDWARD M. HAYNES, Commissioner.

ESTATE OF HENRY F. GRANT OF BURLINGTON.

We, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Henry F. Grant, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased, and also all claims and demands exhibited in offset thereto, and six months from the day of the date hereof being allowed by said court for that purpose, we do therefore hereby give notice that we will attend to the duties of our appointment at the office of E. Bouton, in the Court House, in Burlington, in said district, on the last day of February, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., on said day.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1908.

EDWARD M. HAYNES, Commissioner.

CHARLES LAVIGNE'S ESTATE. STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden, ss.

The Honorable the Probate Court for the District of Chittenden, ss.

To the heirs and all persons interested in the estate of Charles Lavigne, late of Hinesburgh, in said district, deceased: GREETING.

Whereas, application hath been made to this Court in writing, by the administrator of the estate of Charles Lavigne, late of Hinesburgh, deceased, praying for license and authority to sell the real estate of said deceased, representing to said court that it would be beneficial to the heirs and assigns to sell the estate of said deceased, to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased, and convert the same into money